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Ireland's Hope

Real friends of Ireland the world over note with great satisfaction and renewed hope that the influence of the Sinn Féin extremists is waning. Even De Valera, the Sinn Féin leader, no longer insists on the absolute independence of an Ireland as bounded by the seas. He now talks of dominion Home Rule.

Independence has been the sticking point. For England, Scotland and Wales to grant this to geographic Ireland plainly meant not peace but civil war in Ireland. There would be two Irelands, for Ulster is as distinct from southern Ireland as Norway is from Sweden or Belgium is from Holland. Ulster is industrial. Southern Ireland is not.

Separate Ulster from the British Empire and allow Dublin to put a tariff around the whole island, as it probably would, and Belfast, dependent on imports for raw materials, would be a dead city with grass-grown streets.

Back of the religious, cultural and psychologic differences between the two Irelands is the fact that the northern one is linked to Great Britain by economic interests. So in the last election the industrial area of north Ireland voted almost unanimously against the Sinn Féin.

Even though the safety of Great Britain were not menaced by the establishment of a power hostile to her, under the leadership of men who wanted Germany to win in the great war Ireland's insular independence would aggravate rather than end Ireland's troubles.

But Great Britain would not, of course, consent to independence, for the same reasons that led Abraham Lincoln to refuse to consent to the independence of the Confederacy. So the effect of futile insistence on absolute separateness has been to bring in murder and anarchy. The Sinn Féin by guerrilla tactics can make a beautiful land a desert one, but this is all, unless Ulster and Great Britain are satisfied.

The present Prime Minister of Great Britain has long been an ardent friend of maximum Home Rule. He was such when support of Home Rule threatened to bring his political career to an end. His only conditions were the preservation of imperial unity and reasonable protection of Ulster. Otherwise Ireland could write the terms. There is no evidence he has essentially changed his views. He still vigorously flourishes the olive branch.

The seven-century problem of Ireland is now apparently nearer to practical solution than is commonly believed. If the Ulster extremists and the Sinn Féin extremists can be relegated for a time sensible Irishmen and sensible Britons will doubtless be able to get together.

Barrett Wendell

In the department of English at Harvard Barrett Wendell won high personal distinction. He impressed himself on his students as few teachers do, for to his originalities in manner was added a refreshing independence of view. As a professor he was unprofessorial; as a scholar unscholastic. He appealed through a queer mixture of intellectual fastidiousness and democratic candor. In the heart of New England he was not a conforming New Englander. Probably no teacher at Harvard enjoyed greater popularity and yet made fewer concessions which interfered in any way with his idiosyncrasies, temperament or modes of expression. Recently the graduate body paid him the exceptional tribute of electing him to the Board of Overseers.

As an author Professor Wendell worked under some restraint. His novels, essays and closet plays made little stir. As a critic of literature his qualities found an easier vent. His History of Literature in America is a standard work, full of shrewd dispraise as well as praise, and avoiding the prejudices of provincialism. He knew European literature as well as English and was welcomed as an exchange lecturer at Berlin and Paris.

His literary monument will remain and his quality as a literary historian is not to be challenged. But to those with whom he came in contact his works will never express the exuberance and ingenuousness of his moods and the sincerity and friendly warmth of his character. He put his heart into his association with others. He was a true man as well as an admirable and original teacher.

Another Mooney Confession

John McDonald, the star witness against Mooney, has confessed that his testimony was perjured and has told of the circumstances under which he was coached by the prosecution. He confirms the revelations recently made by Policeman Hand, another witness against Mooney, who recovered his conscience.

Since the conviction of Mooney on evidence that convinced few a series of recantations has occurred, all pointing in the direction of his innocence. They had weight enough to make Governor Stephens of California unwilling to take responsibility for Mooney's death. But so far they have not induced the Governor (a formal trial being impossible) to issue a pardon which will make it possible to try Mooney on one of the companion indictments, based on the same facts, returned against him, and thus secure a new trial in fact.

The case of Mooney is important because it involves the honor of our judicial system. Never must there be given even plausibility to the radical charge that our courts are respectors of persons and amenable to improper influences. This is true conservatism. Because there is doubt of the integrity of the case against Mooney the country has intruded on California's business to urge a clearing away of the doubt.

"Sooner" Aspirations

The eagerness of the McAdoo following to hasten George White's resignation as chairman of the Democratic National Committee is in curious contrast with the leisurely detachment which characterized Mr. McAdoo's candidacy at San Francisco. The ex-Secretary of the Treasury's chief preoccupation in the months before the convention met was refusing the kingly crown. He declined to run in the primary states. He advised that no instructed delegates be elected anywhere. He denied to the end that he was a candidate or had authorized any one to present his name to the convention.

If, under these circumstances, he led on many ballots and might have been nominated with a little shrewder generalship on the part of his self-appointed managers, why should there be so keen a drive now to secure a national chairman favorable to him three years before delegates to the next Presidential convention will begin to be chosen? The only business the national committee has in hand is raising money to pay off Cox campaign debts. Can that be particularly inspiring to a candidate who gave so many signs last spring of not even knowing whether he wanted a nomination?

Champ Clark once came nearer getting a Democratic Presidential nomination than Mr. McAdoo did. He belongs to the older school, which thinks that honors in national conventions should go to leaders who in the years leading up to a Presidential campaign have actually shaped the party's policies. The Democratic party's position in 1922 and 1924 will be determined largely by what the Democrats in Congress do. It can be only slightly affected by the work of the national committee. To exert much power the Democratic National Committee would have to be in touch with a Democratic Administration and Federal patronage. That will not be the case from 1921 to 1925.

Mr. Clark therefore intimates that if the effort to rush Mr. White out of office represents a McAdoo candidacy it is a "sooner" candidacy. Most persons competent to pass on the teapot tempests of partisan strategy are likely to accept that cynical view.

Constantine the Pariah

Constantine has been back on the Greek throne only a few weeks, but already the first restoration Cabinet has fallen, and Greeks who are at liberty to speak their minds are demanding a second abdication. The Greeks of Boston passed resolutions last Sunday urging Tino's speedy retirement as the only means of preventing a revision of the Sèvres treaty.

Constantine expects to be represented at the London conference of February 21 next to discuss treaty modifications. But the Rhallis Cabinet recklessly insulted the Allied powers by appointing Gounaris as the chief delegate. Gounaris is bitterly anti-Entente and was one of the chief agents of the court at Athens in the struggle to bind Greece to German interests. He was exiled by the Allies when Constantine was deposed and is charged by them with having broken the conditions of his parole. Nevertheless, the new ministry has reappointed him, ignoring the presumption that France and Great Britain will exclude him from the conference.

Venizelos, putting aside his personal grievances, has come forward in London with a plea for the enforcement of the Sèvres treaty as it stands. Greece turned away from him with shameful ingratitude. He enlarged her boundaries and relieved hundreds of thousands of Greeks from the Turkish or Bulgarian yoke. But a fickle public in old Greece dismissed him and invited Constantine to come back and rule over the new Greece which the Cretan statesman had created. Now the irony of that decision is becoming apparent even in Athens, with Venizelos the only voice Greece can depend on to preserve the settlement — immensely beneficial to her—which the other Allies consented to in the belief that Greece would be constant to the Venizelist policies.

The Athens government is so worried that it is thinking of ordering an attack on Mustapha Kemal, whom the Allies have also invited to discuss the Turkish resettlement. That is Tino's last card. But whether he fights Kemal or not, he cannot dictate his own peace in Turkey. Greece is entitled to the Sèvres treaty compensation only in so far as she is willing to continue her accord with the Western Allies. Constantine's recall broke that accord. He is a pariah in Allied councils—and justly so. If the Greek people want to enjoy the fruits of their participation in the war their first duty is to oust the royal intriguer who worked to keep them out of it, with the expectation of ruling thereafter as a Hohenzollern satrap.

Modest Mr. Enright

There really ought to be two Richard E. Enrights. It is confusing and embarrassing for Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright to interview Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright and prove from the manly utterances of the latter that New York is blessed with a great Police Commissioner, and that there is no crime wave in New York City and that the Police Department is a perfect and corruptionless thing. Even when the accomplished pen of Mr. George Creel and the lavish dollars of the New York taxpayers are dragged into the scene—the former to supply Mr. Enright with the "fighting jaw and the pair of clear, unwavering eyes" without which no interview is complete, and the latter to pay for the printing and paper and stamps, and thus free Mr. Enright from the unpleasant predicament of circulating propaganda in his own behalf at his own expense—even thus supported, we say, Mr. Commissioner Enright praising Mr. Commissioner Enright is not a happy sight.

Suppose, too, that the present outburst of popular enthusiasm for Mr. Enright should not be satisfied with this mere printed pamphlet in his praise. Suppose there should be an irresistible movement to pin a medal on Mr. Enright's chest for distinguished services. Mr. Enright could make the speech of presentation very beautifully and the speech of acceptance as well and pin the medal on his own chest with suitable deprecation. But he could not seal the ceremony with a kiss on either cheek or otherwise salute himself.

No, there evidently must be two Enrights—or none.

The American Partnership

The most significant item in a nation's character is often the least noticed by its own people. Take the boy and girl equality in America, for instance, which Rudyard Kipling was so struck by. It is based on coeducation—which prevails throughout the country except in a narrow and unimportant Eastern fringe—and it develops into that partnership of the home, much maligned and much jeered at, but sound and genuine none the less, and quite the most vital fact in the American social organism.

Mr. Harold Spender, a visiting English journalist, is the latest observer to comment upon this equality. Writing in The London Telegraph he says, after discussing the varied activities of American women:

> "Behind all these shifting phases of the women's movement in America there is always the solid fact that on that continent men and women are brought up together, both at home and at school. England is the land of the boarding school and America is the land of the day school. That means that brothers and sisters are not separated, as they are in well-to-do English families. But far more important is the fact that in practically all the big secondary schools boys and girls are educated together."

In a visit to a public school at Bridgeport he was much impressed by the beauty and fineness of the equipment provided "absolutely free," but even more was "the fact conspicuous to British eyes that in almost every classroom the boys and girls sat side by side, learning and studying together."

This fact explained the atmosphere of the American home, Mr. Spender thought. The one prevailing note was "the equality of the sexes." In the English home, he continued, there is too often a rivalry between man and woman, the boy and the girl. Sometimes the brother rules the roost, sometimes the sister. But the struggle for mastery is continuous. In the American homes that Mr. Spender visited he saw nothing of such rivalry. The common European notion that the American husband is the slave of the wife he refutes flatly. The American husband is kind and courteous, and gives his wife a wide freedom of work and play; he treats her, in short, as "an equal, with equal claims to development and to happiness."

Perhaps Mr. Spender is a little overgenerous and romantic. But his words are welcome and significant. Nothing less than "a new idea of partnership between man and woman" he sees in process of development in America, and it behooves Americans to appreciate and further this best achievement of their national life.

Saving Daylight, Lives and Dollars

If the Legislature at Albany rejects state-wide daylight saving, repealing the present law and leaving only local option with the individual cities, it will be acting on behalf of a small minority and against the health, the welfare and the earnest desire of four-fifths of the state.

The country districts can adjust themselves to a new time schedule with but little inconvenience. The cities cannot adopt local daylight saving without constant confusion. In effect, such a decision by the Legislature would sacrifice the lives and health of the many to the prejudice and relatively minor convenience of the few.

We hesitate to believe that Governor Miller and the Legislature will take such a stand. But if this decision is reached at Albany the battleground should be shifted to Washington without delay. The proposal of the Edge-Ackerman bill now pending in Congress is to apply daylight saving to the entire Eastern time zone. It can and should be passed without delay. The overwhelming demand for a continuance of this sound reform, saving dollars, lives and health, cannot be ignored.

Arm Ships Against Airplanes

Our Navy Much Behind the Times in Anti-Aircraft Defense

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Having followed with interest the progress of naval development for a great many years, and noting the attitude of Secretary Daniels with regard to the advisability of continuing the construction of capital ships, there is one point in connection with the armament of our present and proposed vessels that seems to me to be entirely out of keeping with the times. In the old battleships of the Indiana class, when torpedo boats were being developed, and even to this day, when their development has progressed to a high degree, it is very unusual that an attack by them against a capital ship is made in groups of more than two or three destroyers or torpedo boats, and more often than not the attack has been an individual affair between one torpedo boat or destroyer and one capital ship. Nevertheless, the torpedo defense batteries on our battleships, from the time of the Indiana to the present day, have consisted of an almost overwhelming number of the small-caliber rapid-fire guns.

To-day we have a much more serious additional element to contend with—namely, the bombing aeroplane attacks in squadrons of six to ten or more machines. Notwithstanding the fact that we have there a swift enemy, capable of maneuvering in all directions with the utmost rapidity, we find that our capital ships are now being armed against this new foe with merely four to six anti-aircraft guns, which would be of almost infinitesimal consequence against a fleet attack.

The same proposition applies to the anti-aircraft defense of our seacoast fortifications. Evidently both our War and Navy departments are very short on what we might call practical imagination and anticipation of the future, to say nothing of a proper recognition of the actual accomplishments and practices.

You will find a very great many students of naval and coast defense systems ready to support the views above expressed, and I believe that their publication in The Tribune may result ultimately in the adoption of the desired increase in anti-aircraft armaments throughout our fleet and fortifications. CARLOS DE ZAFRA.

New York, Feb. 8, 1921.

Accident Rather Than Suicide

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I read the very sad news regarding Wilson Dexter, of Woodstock, N. Y.

To one knowing Mr. Dexter and his family, and his successful career as an artist and a business man, it would seem almost impossible that he would take his life by jumping before a train. It seems to me more possible that through some accident Mr. Dexter was pushed off the platform, a thing that could happen to anybody during the crowded hours, and which almost happened to me at 11 o'clock Sunday night at the Times Square station. It would be the most natural thing in the world to try to save one's self by jumping to clear the track. Personally, I believe this is what happened to Mr. Dexter.

WILLIAM SIMMONS.

New York, Feb. 7, 1921.

Fallible, Funny, Futile

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: M. C. A. seems to have missed the whole point in Main Street. I think Sinclair Lewis meant to picture us humans as we really are the world over, fallible, funny and futile!

Every town has its Main Street; every human on that street has pesky little faults and funny little virtues. Every street in every town might well be called Main Street in that sense.

The book shows clear insight and a wonderful understanding. To the other fellow each of us is susceptible of improvement. Reformers are generally mere fault-finders—good critics, but poor creators! Every character in the book fell short of perfection. That is as it should be. That is why we can laugh at ourselves and them!

New York, Feb. 7, 1921. E. C. T.

The Conning Tower

WITH A COPY OF CALVERLEY

Years, years* ago I had the same
Experience, and I wrote a word† of
Dispraise, because that magic name
She'd never heard of.

And only yesterday you said,
With an expression that engages
Me much, you hadn't ever read
His glorious pages.

"Calverley? Who was he?" you smiled.
(And Lalage‡ could not excel you
At smiling.) Lithe and listen, child,
And let me tell you.

In 1884 he died;
Great was his gift, small his emolum-
Ent; all his verses are inside
This little volume.

Take with the height of my regard
These merry poems, bright and brittle;
The rare example of a bard
Who wrote too little.

Too few the rhymes, the tome too thin.
(Life for a bard to-day is quicker).
Had he known you, this book had been
A little thicker.

*Three years eight months.
†See "Weights and Measures." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
‡Cf. Horace: Book I, Ode 22, line 24.

It is offered by M. A. B. that if, as a composer suggests, a group of divorce songs, as a relief from the eternal love music, be written they be pitched in A flat containing many enharmonic dissonances, an occasional sharp note, and ending with a change of keys.

If Herrick had tuned his lute to divorce, he might have written—

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-coursing,
And this same wife that smiles to-day
To-morrow'll be divorcing.

—or Lovelace;

I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not Anna more.

—or Burns;

My luve is like a red, red rose
With verdure fair and frondent;
It looks to me as though she'd be
A luvelie co-respondent.

Inspiration's Source

Sir: And why should young Helton, one of the winners of The Nation's poetry prize, divide his winnings with Vachel Lindsay, as you suggest? Helton's influences, I am sorry to record, are not 100% American. If he owes anything—either in rhythm or refrain—it is to the visiting G. K. C. Helton's prize-winning:

May Jones of Filbert Street is walking
into town!

is, accent for swinging accent, borrowed from Chesterton's "Lepanto," with its:

Don John of Austria is going to the
war!

L. U.

The similarity pointed out by L. U. is, to our notion, only a surface likeness. It was the body and spirit of the poem that struck us as Lindsayesque.

The Martial Movies

Sir: If you don't think the war is over, visit the Rivoli Theater this week and see William S. Hart in "O'Malley of the Mounted" salute, do a right face, and start off on his right foot. E. S.

Some of the members of the Paragraphers' Union (Inc. 1907) have been forecasting stormy weather for Germany, but our guess, as far as the indemnity goes, is Unsettled.

We'd Probably Telephone

1. If you were a press agent,* and
2. If you went to the Public Library to find some books on advertising; and
3. If on an adjacent shelf you found a volume, "Masters of Space"; and
4. If you eagerly opened it, saying, "At last some one has officially recognized the mightiest press agents!"—and
5. If you discovered it to be all about Marconi and Alexander Graham Bell and such—

Would you or would you not write a letter to The Tower about it?

MRS. GRACCHUS.

*For "Heartbreak House," the Shaw comedy now at the Garrick.—Advt.

According to Dr. Richard P. Strong, the total costs of the war were $348,000,000,000. This excludes, probably, the xylophone we lost in storage and the two 1916 suits that the Belgian kids probably are still wearing.

At the risk of agreeing with Prof. Broun, we sound the concertina's melancholy string in praise of Henry G. Aikman's "Zell," a first rate story of a first rate—even if he does use "gotten" and "none but he"—writer.

MAIN STREET

(With apologies to the dim memory of a half-forgotten old song.)

I admit I am not a Main Street fan.
I don't love to read how a Main Street man
In his Main Street home with his Main Street wife
Took a Main Street outlook on his Main Street life.
At his Main Street table ate his Main Street meals;
In his Main Street office made his Main Street deals;
Telling Main Street stories, cracking Main Street jokes,
At the Main Street parties of the Main Street folks.
While his Main Street wife, thinking Main Street gay,
Tried to uplift Main Street in her Main Street way;
And the Main Street neighbors, with their Main Street souls,
Went on blindly burrowing like Main Street moles.
Now, the Main Street workings of the Main Street mind
May be quite enthralling to the Main Street kind;
And the Main Street manners and the Main Street ways
Thrill the Main Street victims of the Main Street craze.
But the Main Street premise of the Main Street book
Is an inexpensive viewpoint from which to look.
And you may be sure that a Main Street fan
Is a Main Street woman or a Main Street man.

C. W.

Latin Quarter Drops. — Evening World headline.

Add foreign exchange depression.

That Congressional sub-committee shouldn't wear its head upon its sleeve.

For Dawes to peck at.

F. P. A.

THERE ARE SEVERAL INDOOR AMATEUR SPORTING EVENTS SCHEDULED FOR THE NEAR FUTURE

Books

By Heywood Broun

"When you say 'We haven't heard 'bughouse" for ten years,' you lie," writes J. N. Lewis, of Atlanta, Ga., "for you heard it in Grant Mitchell's The Conqueror a few weeks ago and snarled about it then in the same way. I have long suspected you of being of the ilk which Don Marquis designates as 'Our little group of serious thinkers'—the kind that have made Greenwich Village such a joke and recruited the parlor Bolshevists. But you must indeed have been kept in cotton wool if you failed in ten years preceding The Conqueror to hear this perfectly good bit of American argot. If you would condescend to trail around for a little while with a few he-men, with hair on their chests, you would not fail to hear 'bughouse' as frequently as ever. The word is not out of date, but you are, and as you spread yourself out thinner and thinner by writing at least three times as much copy as you ought, I suppose you will get sillier and sillier."

It is easy enough for a resident of a semi-tropical city, such as Atlanta, blithely to recommend he-men with hair on their chests to a Greenwich Village serious thinker, but how is an out-of-date New Yorker to discover them? Atlanta is not only warmer, but more neighborly. I live in the same apartment house with ninety-five other tenants and I know not a single chest but my own. Here in the frigid and inarticulate Northland reticence is a tradition, perhaps a pose At the first sign of excitement on the part of any member of my own particular little group of thinkers some one is sure to remark coldly, "Keep your shirt on!" Down in the land of mangoes, and cotton, and alligators, where each sovereign citizen of the State of Georgia sits in front of his cottage in the coolth of the twilight strumming on his old banjo, there are no high collars or chest protectors. In such a community he-men are easy of identification for the eager argot seeker. Here I can only chance it, and I seem to have failed.

Still more taunting is the statement of Mr. Lewis that I am spreading myself out thinner and thinner. Again I can only sigh and wish that it were within the possibility of accomplishment.

As a matter of fact, I am not entirely convinced that the Georgian critic has furnished data quite sufficient for the identification of he-men even in a city as close to nature as Atlanta, Ga. One might still be deceived, as was Robert Edeson, upon an occasion when he played "The Faun," or some other such play of the primitive, for the films. Coming to the location at dawn, clad in the conventional leopard skin, he observed that a large number of supers had gathered who were to play the part of assisting fauns. Something in their appearance seemed to him peculiar, and he remarked to the director, "Why have you put black jerseys on all of them?"

"Jerseys!" said the director, deeply pained. "They're not jerseys. That's crêpe hair to make them look manly."

One of the early tragic surprises in the life of Avery, which Henry G. Aikman records in his fine novel, Zell, occurred during the divorce action of Zell versus Tall. Mrs. Zell had retained as her counsel the famous young attorney, Benjamin Harris O'Dell, while Mr. Zell's lawyer was a fat little man whom the boy identified in his mind as the Mad Hatter. After the Mad Hatter had presented his side of the case it was O'Dell's turn.

"Mr. O'Dell," writes Aikman, "proved no disappointment. 'A tissue of lies,' he began, 'with not a scintilla of truth in it!' This word 'scintilla' he employed again and again; it was evidently a favorite of his; he rolled it out grandly, and each time he shook his head earnestly, so that the cowlick of heavy black hair on the front of his head fell down over his forehead with fine forensic effect.

"'Where is the man who makes these dastardly charges against my client—a woman whose reputation in this community is as spotless as yonder snow?' he thundered. . . . Avery remembered other pithy phrases: 'A crime to take these helpless little tots'—that was his one grievance against their defender—'away from their God-given guardian and give them to this beast!'"

Presently the lawyers were having a spat and the Mad Hatter was resenting one of his colleague's insinuations. "Mr. O'Dell countered with so fierce a look that physical exchanges seemed imminent. The two attorneys had all too clearly become enemies for life.

"Later, after the case had been decided, Avery saw them meet in the hall.

"Then an astounding thing happened. 'Rather had it on you there, Benny,' said the Mad Hatter, amicably, just outside the courtroom door—quite as if nothing had happened. Mr. O'Dell smiled weakly. 'Can't win 'em all, you know. Got a match?'"

Non-Progressive's Warning

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I hold no brief for the so-called Progressives. I have never been an adherent of that wing of the Republican party, but I recognize the fact that a large number of Republicans are still loyal to it. It is therefore with great regret that I read that of the men supposed to have been chosen to Mr. Harding's Cabinet there is not one who can be classed with that wing of the party. That way lies dissension and the possible failure of the incoming Administration.

Of the fifty-nine Republicans in the new Senate the following can be classed as Progressives: France, La Follette, Lenroot, Kenyon, Norris, Johnson, McNary, Poindexter, Borah, Gooding, Capper, Ladd—twelve in number. Add these twelve to the thirty-seven Democratic members and the Administration is wrecked. Is it expedient to incur that risk?

J. J. JACOBI,

New York, Feb. 8, 1921.

Mr. Chesterton's Overpoliteness

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I notice that Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton says nothing but "nice things" about us. Now, don't you think it would be to the advantage of the American people and the English people alike if distinguished representatives of theirs when traveling would express their impressions frankly. I am greatly afraid that we and the English are apt to hug delusions about ourselves, and if we could only see ourselves, once in a while, as others see us I am sure it would do us good. STRINUS.

New York, Feb. 7, 1921.

Germany's Just Duty

Fullest Reparation Warranted in the Light of Christ's Teaching

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Russell J. Clinchy, in your issue of February 4, states that the indemnity levied by the Allies against Germany challenges the spirit and principles of Christianity in (1) it is an act of revenge, (2) it condemns to punishment the future generations of German children and (3) it places the Germans in economic slavery.

But while we have clung to the teachings of the Christian faith we have labored carefully and painstakingly to build up a system of law which would bring those who offend the public conscience to account and subject them to punishment and which would afford to the individual who is injured by the unlawful actions of others a means of redress and compensation. In imposing punishment upon criminals it undoubtedly throws great hardship upon their families. In commanding persons whose carelessness or casual disregard of the rights of others causes injury to indemnify the injured we often take from their children the advantages which they might have by the use of that money which must go to pay for injuries to strangers. Have we been mistaken? Is our theory of law and the responsibility of individuals to abide by the conscience of the people a hideous error which offends against the laws of God? Are those who are made to pay their hard-earned dollars to indemnify the losses caused by their breach of contract, their fraud or the injuries which they carelessly inflicted upon the person and property of strangers unjustly treated in the light of Christ's teaching? Yet the indemnity which the Allies propose to impose upon Germany is based upon these same theories of right and justice which we enforce in our courts in thousands of cases throughout the country every day.

Perhaps it will be objected that the indemnity is not imposed by an impartial court but by the arbitrary will of the party to be indemnified. That is so. It is hardly the fault of the Allies that there exists no impartial court before which they can bring their case. And if we believe that the Allied cause was right we cannot believe that the Allies should go without such reparation as Germany can make. If Germany could rebuild every house, repair every road and restore every garden which her armies destroyed she could in no sense compensate the Allied peoples for the great loss of life and love which they have sacrificed to maintain their freedom. In the measurement of this irreparable injury lies the great task of forgiveness. All men will hope that the Christian faith can meet that task. But let not Christianity be embarrassed in this magnificent undertaking by sentimental confusion between the just duty of Germany to heal so well as she can the material injuries which she has done and the duty of the Allies to extend the hand of help and mercy to a disgraced people. MURRAY T. QUIGG.

New York, Feb. 7, 1921.

Two Sentences

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It does not seem to show a proper proportion that James Smith should receive from Judge Rosalsky twenty years for the theft of $34 on the same day that the judge gave fifteen years to John Holt for stealing $5,000. E. STILES ELY.

Lyme, Conn., Feb. 6, 1921.